

# THE HOME JOURNAL.

Volume III.

WINCHESTER, TENN., OCTOBER 27, 1859.

Number 42.

## BOOTS & SHOES

FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

J. P. NEWELL.

Have fitted up an excellent room on the South-east side of the Square, in Winchester, and will continue the boot and shoe business lately conducted by J. Read, deceased. I feel myself able to do as good work as can be done ANYWHERE, and are determined that no exertions shall be wanting on his part, to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with patronage.

I intend to keep constantly on hand a Large and select Assortment of Patent French and American Leather.

Also, Lastings to suit the wants of Ladies. REPAIRING promptly attended to, and all work WARRANTED.

TERMS CASH.

eb10 3d J. P. NEWELL.

## AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

Fruit Trees, &c.

I am agent for all kinds of Farming Implements which I can sell at Manufacturer's prices with carriage added. I have also a large lot of Fruit Trees growing in my Nursery for sale at prices as low as any Nursery, North or South, and of as good quality and size.

AGENTS WANTED.

In the adjoining Counties to sell Trees, to whom I will pay a liberal per cent and furnish any amount of trees they may want.

S. W. HOUGHTON, Winchester, Tennessee.

## TRY ME.

The undersigned would most respectfully inform the citizens of Winchester and vicinity that he has opened a PAINT SHOP 1 door above M. Porter's blacksmith shop, and is prepared to paint Carriages, Houses, and Chairs. Also, Glazing and Paper Hanging will be done—all on liberal terms. He hopes by executing his work well, and being punctual to business, to get a liberal share of patronage.

Jan 13 6m T. J. WALKER.

## New Saddle and Harness Shop

J. M. RUNNEY.

Saddle and Harness Maker, Main street, opposite Brooks' Hotel, will make to order and keep a general assortment of Saddles, Bridles and Martingales, Saddle Bags, Halters, &c., &c., fine and common cheap and buggy and common harness for cash or at a liberal advance on time.

All kinds of produce taken in exchange at cash prices.

JOHN F. VAUGHAN, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Tin, Sheet Iron, Copper and Brass Ware, and Cooking and Warming STOVES of every pattern.

Pumps, Castings, Brass Kettles, Old Lids, Coffer Mills, Wagon Boxes, &c., &c., fine and common cheap and buggy and common harness for cash or at a liberal advance on time.

Repairing, Roofing, Guttering, &c., done on short notice. Old Copper, Pewter, Brass, Bone, and Feathers taken in exchange for work.

J. F. V.

W. J. Statter, FANCY BOOK AND JOB PRINTER Winchester, Tennessee.

Having just added a large amount of new material to a good lot before, we are unwilling to admit that any office in Tennessee can excel our work in neatness. Besides, we have two excellent presses and can do our work "in a hurry." In the way of beautiful

## CARD TYPE

our assortment is VERY LARGE. For Blank Circulars and the like, we have some lovely designs also, for doing them, &c., we have something new. With the aid of very fine presses and colored inks, we can get up the richest style of printing.

D. M. WILLIAMS, WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER, Winchester, Tenn. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry faithfully repaired. A lot of Jewelry kept constantly on hand for sale. [Sept 25]

N. CRANE, CIGAR MANUFACTURER, AND DEALER in Tobacco & Snuff, Public Square, WINCHESTER.

A. RIVA & CO., Importers, Direct through THE CUSTOM HOUSE OF NASHVILLE

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Wine, Brandy, &c., &c., from France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, and Italy; Havana Cigars, Olive Oil, Vermicelli, &c., &c., No. 30, North Market Street, next door above the Watson House, Nashville, Tenn. aug 25-ly

## G. F. Engleman, TAILOR, WINCHESTER, Tennessee.

Has opened a shop in the house formerly occupied by John Reid as a Boot and Shoe shop, next door to Esquire Finch's office, east side of the Public Square, where, by his long experience in the business of Tailoring, he hopes to receive a liberal share of patronage. CUTTING particularly at the

aug 25.

## The Home Journal.

BY W. J. STATTER.

### CONSTANT EMPLOYMENT.

The man who is obliged to be constantly employed to earn the necessities of life and support his family, knows not the unhappiness he prays for when he desires wealth and idleness. To be constantly busy, is to be always happy. Persons who have suddenly acquired wealth, broken up their active pursuits, and begun to live at their ease, waste away, and die in a very short time. Thousands would have been blessings to the world, and added to the common stock of happiness, if they had been content to remain in a humble sphere and earned every mouthful of food that nourished their bodies. But, no! fashion and wealth took possession of them, and they were completely ruined. They ran away from peace and pleasure, and embraced a lingering death. Ye who are sighing for the pomp and splendor of life, beware!—Ye know not what ye wish. How is it possible for ye to be happy while ye possess a discontented and deceitful heart? No situation, however exalted—no wealth, however magnificent—no honors, however glorious can yield you solid enjoyment, while discontent lurks in your bosom. The secret of happiness lies in this: to be always contented with your lot, and never sigh for the splendor of riches, or the magnificence of fashion and power. Persons who are always busy and go cheerfully to their daily tasks, are the least disturbed by the fluctuations of business, and at night sleep with perfect composure. The idle and the rich are seldom contented. They are peevish, fretful, irascible. Bid them good morning, and they scowl. Nature and art appear to have few attractions for them.—They are entirely out of their views. While in this state, the springs of life are rusting out, and the decay of death has commenced undermining their constitutions.

### SUICIDES.

Every mail brings accounts of suicides at various places. What is the matter, and wonder if everybody is going deranged? Scarcely a town among the thousands on the American continent, but can tell of a suicide lately in its suburbs. In Maury county, the other day, an old and much respected citizen, named Voorhies, took his own life. One in Memphis, one in Louisville, one in White county, and a host of others we have not room, time, or inclination to name.—Verily, they must be terribly anxious to see beyond mortal vision. Some kill themselves in very strange ways, adopting methods that no sane man, it seems to us, would ever think of.—Well, let 'em go it. The world is full of people, and perhaps the self-murderers see less misery in that unknown but terrible-to-think-of State. If there were no hereafter—if man could die, and that be the last of him—then we would not wonder to see human beings sever their existence from this world. But something within us tells that life does not cease when we are laid in the charnel-house of death—in the silent grave yard.

### DEATHS CAUSED BY BURNING FLUID.

In most of the following instances of loss of life and property, the "accident," no doubt resulted from the criminal carelessness of filling the lamp with fluid while it was burning; and yet people will not take warning. Mr. E. Meriam, of Brooklyn, states that he has kept a record of the deaths, injuries and configurations, resulting from the use of camphene and other burning fluids used for the purpose of illumination, since July 22, 1850.—Since that date he has recorded the deaths of three hundred and seventy persons, and the injuries of four hundred and seventy-seven persons, many of the latter of whom the accounts stated were not expected to survive the injuries they received. The loss by fire from these fluids he estimated at upwards one million dollars.—Mr. Meriam says that when the weather becomes hot, in summer, the danger from the use of burning fluids will increase. In the short term of thirty-six days, within the present year, he had recorded the death of nine persons by camphene and burning fluid. We may not ever have to record the death of any one in Winchester from the use of burning fluid, but we would caution all to be careful how they use it, else a fire will break out from it, and our town go as it was about to do a few weeks since. The citizens will not build any cisterns, or provide any means of protection in case such an emergency comes, therefore we urge the strictest carefulness.

Where is a sweeter little poem than this—

### THE FAMILY.

The family is like a book—  
The children are the leaves;  
The parents are the cover, that  
Protective beauty gives.

At first the pages of the book  
Are blank and purely fair;  
But time soon writeth memories,  
And painteth pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp  
That bindeth up the trust;  
O, break it not, lest all the leaves  
Shall scatter and be lost.

### CHILDHOOD.

Children are what their mothers are.  
No fondest father's fondest care  
Can fashion so the infant heart  
As those creative beams that dart  
With all their hopes and fears, upon  
The cradle of a sleeping son.

His startled eyes with wonder see  
A father near him, on his knee,  
Who wishes all the while to trace  
The mother in his future face;  
But 'tis to her alone uprise  
His wakening arm; to her those eyes  
Open with joy, and not surprise.

### MY LITTLE BOY.

BY JESSIE MAY.

I don't suppose you would discover anything remarkably striking or interesting in the little figure wandering so restlessly about the back yard, clad in a pair of checkered trousers, a dark gingham apron, and a slouched wool hat, and seeming on terms of easy familiarity with "free soil," ashes, and dirty waters.

How restlessly those little bare feet twinkle through the grass, and how nimbly the chubby, sun-browned hands flit over the all-engrossing labors which we denominate "play," but in the performance of which, day after day, that little mind is racked, and those muscles wearied to a greater extent than we dream of.

What a rough looking little fellow! It does not seem possible that the well-developed form, and healthy complexion, belong to the same being that nestled so helplessly upon my bosom four years ago last Christmas.

What a play was that in our household; only a mother's heart can realize the multitudinous emotions of tenderness, gratitude and awe which pervaded my soul, as I clasped my first-born in my arms, lifted up my heart in thankful prayer and praise, and experienced a dawning sense of the responsibility involved in my new-found tie.

How delicate and fragile seemed the thread of that young life; how often have I bent my ear close to the tiny lips and listened, oh! so anxiously, for the faint breath of those feeble lungs.—How curious the mechanism of that little frame, and with what interest and admiration did I see the wee features, softly stroking the dark, glossy hair, and daintily touching the shell-like ears, the rose-leaf eyelids, and quivering chin, or examining, with childish wonder and delight, the cunning little feet and hands, with their yielding dimples and rosy nails.

Oh, those were peaceful, happy days, when, with a subdued and awe-thrilled spirit, I entered upon the sweet duties and quiet joys of a new existence.

Months rolled away, and baby was the light and life of our humble home; handsome, healthy and happy; he was a never-failing source of interest and enjoyment, as he danced in our arms, crowing, laughing, and making ludicrously awkward attempts to use his hands in guiding his toys, pulling Papa's whiskers, or scratching Mamma's face in the exuberance of his glee.—And now we no longer count his age in months; years have passed and when I look upon him pantalooned, and growing out of boyhood, I feel that I have not half improved the hours of his infancy; fleeting, precious moments were those I spent with my rapidly changing babe; I would call them back if I could, for I did not appreciate them then; I, mortal-like, looked forward, grasping for joys beyond, while those within my reach slipped unnoticed from my hand. It is pleasant, however, to watch him now at his sport, to mark the rapidly developing intellect, and catch the expressions of triumph that glow upon his bright face after the accomplishment of some ingenious scheme with which his young heart has been swelling.—He has a great taste for mechanism, and will tug and toil till nearly wearied out with his exertions, among the rubbish of the shop and yard, and when his persevering genius conquers, and he witnesses with pride the success of his effort, it is really refreshing to note the enthusiasm with which he bounds, all glowing with animation and excitement, in search of some one to impart his important invention to; and often do I drop my work, and allow him to lead me out to see his

"thrashing machine," or some other queer imitation of what he has happened to see, and which is usually propelled by dog power, and Carlo gives me a sly wink as he seems to say, "I feel a little foolish, Mistress, to be seen in such harness, but it's all to please the children."

Busy, energetic little boy! He is never idle, and young as he is, already makes himself useful in a variety of ways; it is he who picks up chips for the kitchen fire, feeds the kittens, drives the chickens from the back porch, brings bread and butter from the cellar, places the chairs at the table, and even wipes dishes, and lays the tea table when I am unusually busy. He is always active, and fancies himself a great assistance to his father, as he shoulders his little hoe, and trudges off with the men to the corn field, potato patch, or garden; he considers it as his peculiar privilege to wait upon Mamma at table, and protect little sister from naught that can harm or frighten her, and when any of us are sick, how genuine in his sympathy; how softly falls the little feet upon the carpet; how soothingly the dear little hands press the throbbing temples, and wander through the damp hair, and over the burning cheek of the sufferer; and full of compassionate affection are his tones, as he twines his chubby arms around our necks, and tearfully whispers, "Oh, I so sorry! I want something for do to feel you better."

"Little darling! How precious are the 'little boys' to parents' hearts, and how sad is the thought that every rough man we see reeling and swearing among his vicious companions was once fondly cherished by some body whose eye lighted with unutterable pride and affection, as she pressed him to her wildly throbbing heart, and murmured, 'My little boy!'"

Oh, how agonizing is the thought to a mother's heart, that the gentle, loving being she is rearing so tenderly and prayerfully will one day prove a source of bitter, bitter sorrow to her, and repay her for her hours of suffering, and toil, and care, with hardness and neglect. Oh, little boy, will you ever wander in the paths of sin and wretchedness; you who seem so fresh from Heaven now; so fit for the society of angels; will you ever become a scoundrel, and associate with the low and the vicious? Will that pure mind be corrupted—that tender heart steel-ed against the gentle emotions that now reign within it—will those little hands ever be engaged in works of vice and crime, those clear eyes droop with guilt, those sweet lips sip of the poisoned cup, and curl in blasphemy? Oh, God forbid! Come here, darling, and let me tell you within my sheltering arms. Would that I could thus ever shield you. But these are sad forebodings. God knows, little one, that sooner than drink of such a bitter cup as I have in my fancy shuddered over, I'd lay you to a dreamless rest this night—nor murmur as I bade farewell to all this loveliness. But He will hear my prayers, and watch my dear one's steps. Oh, Father, guide us in our efforts to train this young immortal. Let us not be ambitious to secure for him worldly wealth or fame. I ask not laurels for his brow; but oh! let him be truly great, for blessed indeed is she who gives to the world a good man.

I love to paint a happy future for my loved ones—to fancy my first born occupying a high position in society, and clothed with honors nobly won; but when I consider the fearful risk our heroes and statesmen must encounter, the contaminating influences to which they are subjected, and the real corruption often hidden beneath a sounding title and seeming greatness, I feel that I shall be content in future years to say of a good, honest, upright man—poor and unknown though he be, and humble indeed in the eyes of the world—"He remains unchanged, and to me he is still my own little boy."

### A THOUGHT FOR YOUNG MEN.

No wreck is so shocking to behold as that of a dissolute young man.—On the person of the debauchee or inebriate, infamy is written. How nature hangs labels over him to testify her disgust at his example. How she loosens all his joints, sends tremors along his muscles, and binds forward his frame. The wretch whose lifelong pleasure it has been to debauch himself, and to debauch others, whose heart has been steeped in sin so that it is black all over, is an offence to the heart of the unblemished.

The earth is a tender and kind mother to the husbandman; and yet at one season he always harrows her bosom, and at another he plucks her ears.

### LOVE A WIFE AND RULE A WIFE.

I wish every husband would copy into his memorandum book this sentence, from a recently published work: "Women must be constituted very different from men. A word said, line written, and we are happy; omitted, our hearts ache as if for a great misfortune. Men cannot feel it, or guess at it; if they did, the most careless of them would be slow to wound us so."

The grave hides many a heart which has been, stung to death, because one who might, after all, have loved it after a certain careless fashion, was deaf, dumb and blind to the truth in the sentences we have just quoted, or if not, was at least restive and impatient with regard to it. Many men, marrying late in life, being accustomed only to take charge of themselves, and that in the most erratic rambling, exciting fashion, eating and drinking, sleeping and walking whenever and wherever they fancy, or good cheer and amusement, questionable or unquestionable, prompted: come at last, when they get tired of this, with their selfish habits fixed as fate, to matrimony.

For a while it is a novelty. Shortly it is strange as irksome, this always being obliged to consider the comfort and happiness of another. To have something always hanging on the arm, which used to swing free, or at most, but twirl a cane. Then they think their duty done if they provide food and clothing, and remain (possibly) from harsh words. Ah—(it?) Listen to that sigh as you close the door. Watch the gradual fading of the eye, and paling of the cheek, not from age—she should be yet young—but that gnawing pain at the heart, born of the settled conviction that the great hungry craving of her soul, as far as you are concerned, must go forever unsatisfied. God help such wives, and keep them from attempting to slake their thirst at poisoned fountains.

Think you, husband, how little a kind smile, a caress to you, how much to her. If you call these things "childish" and beneath your notice, then you should never have married. There are men who should remain forever single. You are one. You have no right to require of a woman her health, strength, time and devotion, to mock her with this shadowy, unsatisfying return. A new bonnet, a dress, a shawl, a watch, anything, everything, but what a true woman's heart most craves—sympathy, appreciation, love. She may be rich in everything else, but if she be poor in these, and is a good woman, she had better die.

There are hard, unloving, cold monstrosities of women, (rare exceptions) who neither require love, nor know how to give it. We are not speaking of these. That big-hearted, loving, noble men have occasionally been thrown away upon such, does not disprove what we have been saying.—But even a man thus situated has greatly the advantage of a woman in a similar position, because, over the needle, a woman may think herself into an insane Asylum, while the active, out-door turmoil of business life is at least a *sometime* reprieve to him.

Do you ask me, 'Are there no happy wives?' God be praised, yes, and glorious, lovable husbands, too, who know how to treat a woman, and would have her neither fool nor drudge. Almost every wife would be a good and happy wife, were she only loved enough. Let husbands, present and prospective, think of this.

Emily Fern.

New Papers.—We have received "The Boston Critic," and "The Empire City" the first published at Boston, Mass., the second at New York City. We hope the Editors of them will continue to favor us with an exchange, and give us a chance to see how they deserve encouragement. The first numbers evince ability a little ahead of most Journals, and have prepossession in their favor. Continue your exchange.

Printers are thought to be great duns—simply because they speak of these matters in print. The printer in dunning one man through his paper, makes it public to all of his readers—whilst other persons dun one man, in person, at a time. The reason is obvious—after it is explained. The printer is no greater dun than other men, but his calls meet the eye, not the ear, of more persons at the same time.

When interest puts on the mark of patriotism it is high time to look out for traitors.

If the hinges of friendship be moistened with sincerity, they may defy the rust of time.

As next year is "leap year," we advise all the girls who read the Home Journal to keep this poem and give it to the young man they fancy most. Won't it be a delicate and nice way to make love. And if he don't say "yes," charge him \$50.

### HIDDEN LOVE.

There is many a tender love unseen,  
That glows in the bosom dwelling,  
As the bud conceals the flower within  
The leaves of its falling cell,  
There many a treasure of love unknown,  
That deep in the heart is laid,  
Like a vein of gold, or precious stone,  
Concealed from the sun's rays and spade.  
There is many a struggling love untold,  
By feeling itself suppressed,  
As the trembling lips cannot unfold,  
The thoughts that we love the best.  
There is many a thrilling love unspoken,  
Unheard as the spirit's wing,  
As the song on the harp though sweetly sung,  
May sleep on the silent string.  
There is many a cherished love untried,  
That dies with the faithful heart,  
Or, perchance, in dying words bequeathed,  
As the bosom sinks to rest.  
There is many a love we dare not name,  
Though purest and truest love,  
There is many a love the world may blame,  
That Heaven itself approves!

### WHAT WILL THE PRESIDENT MAKE DURING HIS TERM?

"Occasional," who has been figuring out during the last year the amount of condemnation that the President will reap during his Administration, is now calculating his pecuniary profit. He writes:

The manner in which the President of the United States pays his expenses and manages his establishment, would be an interesting inquiry. When we compare the enormous sums voted to European monarchs with the salary of the Chief Magistrate of the United States, we are disposed to charge our country with parsimony; but there can be no doubt that, whatever other may have done, the present occupant of the Presidential chair really makes money out of his office. Mr. Buchanan is a singular man in his personal expenditures. He never had any tastes or appetites outside of his circle of admirers and friends. He has reduced, by the closest calculation, the domestic management of his establishment to a science. Franklin Pierce never thought of saving money, but opened his heart and his house to everybody who came to see him.

Millard Fillmore was a generous and genial gentleman. Nor is Mr. Buchanan himself at all indisposed to the pleasures of social life; but having studied the mysteries of Washington society, and having seen Gen. Jackson expending more than his salary, he has restricted himself within a certain circle, and he will not go beyond.—My impression is that he will save at the end of his term, out of the one hundred thousand dollars appropriated to the President by Congress, at least sixty thousand. Almost the entire economy of the White House is paid by the Government. The servants, the lighting, the stabling, the general police of the establishments, are provided for in the appropriation bills. The music of the grounds is furnished free out of the public treasury. What are Mr. Buchanan's expenses on the other hands? He gives a private dinner, daily, if you please; but he did so before he was elected to the Presidency. During the sittings of Congress he gives a weekly dinner, to which he invites, first of all, the Supreme Court of the United States, then the diplomatic corps, and afterwards the representatives of the people of both branches in detail; but all this, under a system of close management, costs a comparatively small sum, so there is a good deal of exaggeration as to the expenses of the head of the government.

### SHOCKING AFFAIR.

A few days since a big black negro, in company with a good looking and rather intelligent white girl of sixteen, clad in boy's apparel, was captured in the vicinity of Okolona; her statement was, that she was from Attala county, that she and the negro, her seducer, had been living upon terms of intimacy for two years—she, apprehending exposure of affairs, threatened her life if she did not elope with him, she refused, wrote a letter bidding her parents, brothers and sisters a final farewell, and stating that if they wished to see her again to search a millpond not far distant from her father's residence. She then placed it where she knew they would find it, and left the house with the determination of destroying herself by drowning. While on her way to the pond she met with this diabolical fiend, who, with open knife in his hand, threatened to cut her throat if she did not follow him to a Free State, which she consented to, and had proceeded as far as Okolona, when they were fortunately arrested. She was kindly cared for by the Masonic Fraternity, her father being a member of that order; they procured the services of B. C. Clarke, of our city, to accompany her home, where we are happy to state, the poor misguided girl was welcomed by her broken-hearted parents. Her father returned with Mr. C. to Okolona to satisfy his revenge, expecting to find the negro in jail, but was disappointed. It is said the negro made his escape while being carried to jail.—Aberdeen Conservative.

We see it stated that Gen. Ward B. Burnett, to whom the gold snuff box was recently awarded under the will of Gen. Jackson, for being the bravest man from New York in the war with Mexico, has recently been dismissed by the administration from the office of Surveyor General of Kansas and Nebraska, for habitual drunkenness.

There is a phrenologist in London who can tell the contents of a barrel by examining its head.

If the league of friendship be once broken, then is the cabinet of secrets unlocked, and they fly about like uncaged birds.

No labor is too great for the discovery of truth.

How to Lift Them.—We don't know much about ladies' dresses—and of course it would not be expected that we should dictate to them about how to manage those dresses. But it is a fact that many of them don't know the proper manner in which to manage their dresses in going up stairs or down. We've had 'em swinging to our arm sometimes on such occasions and we didn't fail to observe. And rather than advise them ourselves, we will just quote what one of their own sex says, concerning hoops and holding up dresses:

"The hoops should be near together, say two or three inches apart, and come to within as many inches of the feet or bottom of the dress. A word about the management of the dress. In the first place, in going up stairs you need only lift the front of your dress, and in descending, the back of your skirts. The front part of your dress can by no effort be soiled in descending, nor the back part by ascending a pair of stairs. Do therefore have a reform in this, in my mind, immodest habit you have needlessly gotten into, of dragging your dress behind going down stairs, and lifting it up in front instead.

A Poet Exceeding his License.—A few weeks ago, N. P. Willis published in his Home Journal, a sensation story about Lieut. Maury having, in his younger days, when he was Midshipman in the Navy, been married to an Owyhee princess. It was totally false and groundless, having no existence except in the inventive fancy of the poet of the Home Journal. Nevertheless, it went the rounds of the press, and was made public from one end of the country to the other. It was told in a piquant, Willistic style, but, for all that, was a gross calumny, for, had it been true, Professor Maury would have been a bigamist. Prof. Maury contradicted it by a dispatch from Washington, and since then Mr. N. P. Willis has made a feeble attempt at explaining and justifying his shabby conduct. But he utterly fails to make a respectable excuse for the story, and poet though he be, is regarded as a maligner of better men than himself.—St. Louis Evening News.

An Axe-Struck Burglar.—Last night, about 12 o'clock, a burglar entered a house in Henry street by a rear window, and ransacked the lower rooms, after which he proceeded to the second story. In a chamber by the remains of a child dressed for the grave, and in an inner room was the mother, the door connecting the two rooms being sufficiently ajar to enable her to see the child without being seen herself. The thief entered the chamber, his hands filled with booty, and continued his search till he discovered the dead, when, uttering an audible sigh, he quietly laid down his ill-gotten burden and retired from the room and the house as empty-handed as when he entered. The mother, in the midst of her grief, was too much agitated to raise an alarm.—Brooklyn Star.

Not Posted.—The London Illustrated Times is evidently not "up," as the actors say, in American politics.—Think of such a blunder of errors as is found in the following extract from its budget of American news, under date of September 17th:

"The Presidential nominations form the chief topic of conversation in America. There are three candidates in the field—Wise, Douglas and Bolts. At last accounts Bolts was a little ahead."

RAVAGES OF CHOLERA.—The cholera has carried off 1,000 persons in Hamburg this summer, 900 in July. It has raged seriously in the Duchies of Mecklenburg; one little town of 2,500 inhabitants has been almost depopulated. In this country it seems to have gone into the swine population. Our own county suffered heavily last year, and all through Alabama we understand that the hogs are dying.

An exchange tells us that a physician in Louisville, Ky., has made the discovery that by living principally on butter-milk a human being may prolong life to the period of two hundred years. We suppose, of course, that he has made the experiment, like Hierocles' fool, who had heard that a crow would live a hundred years and bought one to see if it was true.

A New York company has built a factory in Chatham county, N. C., for the manufacture of oil from iron ore. The ore yields about fifty gallons of oil to the ton.

The society of virtuous females is the best guard to preserve a young man from the contamination of low pursuits.

There is a phrenologist in London who can tell the contents of a barrel by examining its head.

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